Come ſhall wee goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, priſoners,

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou ſhalt behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*, O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond heere was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why wee are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I geſſe a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? his mind

Biſh. Why you my L. me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I preſume he will take in good part.

Biſh. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himſelfe.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue beene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue beene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. *Haſtings* had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voyce from crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of *Elie*.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberies in your garden there,
I doe beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royalty of *Englands* throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Biſhop of Elie.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue ſent for theſe ſtraw-berries.